and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

1. This muſt be done i'th woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning ſees ſo: where he himſelfe will edifie the Duke moſt parlouſly in our behalfes, hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to'th plaines, his learning makes no cry.

3. Weele ſee the ſports, then every man to's Tackle: and Sweete Companions lets rehearſe by any meanes, before The Ladies ſee us, and doe ſweetly, and God knows what May come on't.

4. Content; the ſports once ended, wee'l performe. Away Boyes and hold.

*Arc.* By your leaves honeſt friends: pray you whither goe you.

4. Whither? why, what a queſtion's that?

*Arc.* Yes, tis a queſtion, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games* my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

*Arc.* Not farre Sir,
Are there ſuch *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:
And ſuch as you never ſaw; The *Duke* himſelfe
Will be in perſon there.

*Arc.* What paſtimes are they?

2. Wraſtling, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

*Arc.* Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir
Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde miſgives me
This fellow has a veng'ance tricke o'th hip,
Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though
If he dare venture, hang him plumb porredge,
He wraſtle? he roſt eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt 4.*

*Arc.*



*Arc.* This is an offerd op
I durſt not wiſh for. Well, I
The beſt men call'd it excellen
Swifter, then winde upon a fe
(Curling the wealthy eares) n
And in ſome poore diſgu ze b
Whether my browes may no
And happines preferre me to
Where I may ever dwell in ſi

Scæna 4. *Enter Iai*

*Daugh.* Why ſhould I lo
He never will affect me; I am
My Father the meane Keepe
And he a prince; To marry hi
To be his whore, is witles;
What puſhes are we wenche
When fifteene once has found
I (ſeeing) thought he was a g
He has as much to pleaſe a w
(If he pleaſe to beſtow it ſo)
Theſe eyes yet lookt on; Ne
And ſo would any young we
That ever dream'd, or vow'd
To a yong handſom Man; Th
(Extreamely lov'd him) infini
And yet he had a Coſen, faire
But in my heart was *Palamo*
Lord, what a coyle he keepe
Sing in an evening, what a he
And yet his Songs are ſad-o
Was never Gentleman. Wh
To bring him water in a mo
He bowes his noble body, th
Faire, gentle Mayde, good mo
Get thee a happy husband; G
I lov'd my lips the better te
Would he would doe ſo ev'r
And me as much to ſee his m

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